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The Cookie Man's Secret



cookie

thriller

humor

51 2 4

Chapter 1 by intellikat

It went back to 1974.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



He sat in a staling state on the top shelf, one where Grandma Jojo could not possibly reach and would never ask anyone to, anyway. He was all that remained of a particularly successful Christmas dinner in 1973, when Grandpa Jonas' hip was still made of bone and the kids were still kids, not successful business entrepreneurs who didn't call home nearly enough. For these past thirty or so years - honestly, the Cookie Man had a hard time keeping track of something that proved to be as fleeting and pointless as time - he had been in this cabinet. His legs had crumbled with age, and he was afraid to place his weight on them for fear that they would simply snap off. Therefore, the only way he could really get around was to drag himself around in the hopes that he could get to where he wanted to. Not that there was very much to get to, anyway.

Still, moving was better than staring at the dead body.

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few too many gum drops, should've stopped after you got dentures lady. This rat body though, completely mummified was curled up in a corner, it's vacuous eye holes like staring into the abyss. Sometimes when Cookie Man stared deeply into the eyes of this rat, he had the sudden urge to smash conchs and a distaste for hefty boys with glasses. It was strange, but it was better than acknowledging the elephant in the room...

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